

90 East 12th St.,  
New York, 21 Feb., 1866.

My Dear Garrison,

I have heard from our  
dear friends, Joseph & Mary Post, and  
they are overjoyed in the prospect of  
seeing you, even for one night, under  
their roof. The arrangements for  
your lecture on Wednesday evening  
are all made, and we shall leave  
for Westbury at 11 a. m., in the cars  
of the Long Island Railroad.

I went over to Brooklyn last  
night to hear Beecher, hoping, almost  
expecting, that he would take the op-  
portunity to turn his back upon his  
neat self and plant <sup>his feet</sup> firmly

on the right ground. But I came away disappointed and saddened. The first half of his lecture was indeed excellent, but the last was unworthy of him, and ~~it~~ mortified the majority of his most intimate friends, and delighted the Copperheads. To-day the presses of this city, almost without exception save the Tribune, are loud in his praises! Think of the World and the News commending the utterances of the pastor of Plymouth Church, upon whom they formerly bestowed the vilest epithets that the language affords! It is sad indeed. As I came home to-night, the infamous Rynders was ranging a crowd in the Park,

following up Beecher's eulogy of the  
President.

I think there will be a great  
good crowd to hear you next  
Tuesday night, and a general ex-  
pectation that you will pay some  
attention to Beecher and the veto.  
It is my hope that your Washington  
visit will set your mind on a glow,  
and that you will feel strong  
enough to speak extemporaneously  
(of course after preparation during  
the day) upon the questions before  
Congress. But of course everything  
will depend upon the "moving of the  
spirit" in yourself. If you are  
<sup>prepared &</sup> not inspired to speak directly to  
the precise points that divide

Congress and the President, of course  
you can fall back upon your  
written lecture, which I have no doubt  
is excellent.\*

Mary Anne and Mrs. Savin join  
me in love to you and Fanny, and  
in kind remembrances to her husband.

Yours, as of old,

Wm. L. Johnson.

\* Or, you might, on Tuesday, <sup>write</sup> ~~write~~ a few

<sup>fresh</sup> pages bearing upon the new state of things.